A source of stability and clarity

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/46376710.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Episode: s01e08 Fromage, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, First Kiss, Manipulative Will Graham
Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of abby's hannibal bingo
Collections:	Hannibal Bingo
Stats:	Published: 2023-04-09 Words: 988 Chapters: 1/1

A source of stability and clarity

by abbymyg

Summary

Alana kisses Will and Will uses the opportunity to manipulate Hannibal into kissing him.

For the bingo fill: "a source of stability and clarity"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The moment Alana kisses him, Will sees an opportunity.

As soon as she is gone he drives to Hannibal's house. He's been aware for a while that Hannibal is interested in him, at least on his darker side. If only he knew how much of that darkness the psychiatrist perceives to be repressed isn't, how much of it is on surface level and reflects in the various corpses he's left behind through the years. But with every day that passes, every conversation they share, Will is more and more convinced that Hannibal is not only attracted to his dark side, but also sexually attracted to him.

The feeling is mutual.

So, he drives to Hannibal's house and rings the doorbell. Hannibal opens the door and is surprised to see him, though not displeased. Will walks in without waiting for an invitation, and shakes of his raincoat in the mud room.

He puts on his best facade of distress and looks at Hannibal from under his eyelashes before confessing in a strained voice: "I kissed Alana Bloom."

Hannibal blinks, almost imperceptibly, and looks at Will as he throws the raincoat on a chair. He seems to process the information and his expression shifts in such a tiny way that, if Will weren't looking for it, he wouldn't have noticed it.

"Well, come in," Hannibal tells him, even when Will has already left the foyer and walked into the dining room.

He frowns at the table set for you, and the half-eaten meals. Hannibal quickly walks to the open garden door to lock it and pull the shades.

"Did you have a guest?" Will asks, confused.

"A colleague," Hannibal replies. "You just missed him."

He clears the plates with the half-eaten meals. Will knows that Hannibal is lying to him, but he doesn't have any right to pry.

"He didn't finish his dinner," Will says anyway.

"An urgent call of some sort," Hannibal says. "Had to leave suddenly." He leaves the dining room towards the kitchen and Will follows him. "This benefits you because I have dessert for two."

Hannibal whisks whipped cream and tosses a dollop on two ramekins overflowing with an exotic bread pudding.

"Tell me, what was Alana's reaction?" Hannibal asks.

Will goes on to explain everything that happened, telling him half-truths, until he reaches the point of him hearing an animal trapped in his chimney.

“I feel unstable,” he declares.

“That’s why you kissed her,” Hannibal says. “A clutch for balance.”

“I thought you were supposed to be my paddle,” Will tells him, seeing his chance. “A source of stability and clarity.”

“I am,” Hannibal replies firmly.

“So what am I supposed to do?” Will asks, “What do *you* suggest I do, doctor?” Will paces, feigning nervousness. “I can’t kiss random people every time I feel unstable, especially not at crime scenes,” he says,” *especially* not Jack.” He shudders.

Hannibal chuckles, but it’s obvious to Will that the older man doesn’t find any amusement in his comment. He detects some jealousy instead. *Good, keep pushing him.*

“Or worse, what if I lose time and try to kiss her again, even after she rejected me?” he asks, running his hand over his face. “What if, in that state of mind, things progress even more?” he adds, brandishing his puppy eyes like a weapon.

Hannibal lets the plate holding Will’s dessert down on the breakfast table with enough strength to break it, but it doesn’t. His knuckles are white.

“I won’t let that happen,” he says and his voice sends shivers down Will’s spine.

There’s something about his tone that screams danger, possessiveness, yet Will doesn’t want to run. Quite the contrary, actually.

“What, you’ll come to all of my crime scenes?” he asks, raising an eyebrow. Will grabs a spoon to take a bite of the desert.

“If that’s what’s necessary to help you, then yes,” Hannibal says.

“What if I try to kiss you as well?” Will’s tone makes it seem like he’s joking, but he’s holding his breath waiting for the answer.

“If that’s what it takes for you to center yourself in reality, then I am more than willing to be on the receiving end of your affection,” he declares.

Will hums, swallowing before speaking. “That sounds like a rather unorthodox form of therapy, doctor.”

“I’ve always been a big supporter of the unorthodox,” Hannibal says, casually taking a bite of his dessert as well.

“Or,” Will says, suddenly feeling bold, even when he has to hold his hands on his lap not to shake. “Maybe you just want to kiss me, doctor.”

Hannibal meets his eyes and Will finds a fire there, burning hot. “Perhaps,” the man says.

“You don’t need an excuse,” Will says, leaning forward a bit. “I won’t resist.” He brings a spoonful of cream to his mouth and licks it, never breaking eye contact.

Hannibal’s nostrils flare and his eyes follow the movement of Will’s tongue, then his Adam’s apple as he swallows.

Will means to grab another spoonful but Hannibal prevents it by grabbing him by the neck and pulling him close to kiss him. Will opens his mouth without thinking and Hannibal pushes past his lips, deepening the kiss. It’s deep, sensual, and it tastes sweet. Will feels dizzy. He wants more. He wraps his arms around the psychiatrist’s neck, bringing them closer still. His hands touch Hannibal’s back, caressing it gently, and he feels the other man shudder against him.

Hannibal’s fingers dig into the collar of Will’s shirt, and Will feels his heart beating faster. He whines against his mouth, electricity running down his spine. A low growl escapes Hannibal's throat and he leans back and pulls away. Will catches his lower lip between his teeth and pulls as they part. Hannibal looks flustered, his pupils dilated. Will wants to eat him whole.

“Take me upstairs,” he whispers.

Hannibal doesn’t need to be asked twice.

End Notes

Thank you so much for reading! You can follow me on twitter here

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!